



THE SPECTATOR



A

CURIOUS friend came into the sanctum Tuesday morning to inquire about the meeting in the Tabernacle on the night previous. He had been too busy, as usual, to manifest his good citizenship by attending the reception himself, and so was perfectly willing to get his information second-hand.

"Were you there?" he inquired, and I replied in the affirmative.

"What sort of an affair was it?"

"Oh, so so," I answered in a drawling manner that only served to sharpen his curiosity.

"What's the matter? Didn't things go to suit you?"

"They most certainly did not?"

"Couldn't the Frenchmen talk?"

"Oh yes, it was a pleasure to hear them."

"Well then, what happened to make you sore?" persisted the curious person.

"You're in the right church but the wrong pew," I replied. "It was what didn't happen that disgusted me and everybody else in attendance."

"Don't talk in riddles. Tell me about it."

Deciding that the quickest way to get rid of the nuisance was to tell him something about the meeting, I began to casually unwind my impressions. He pricked up his ears when I remarked that the decorations were conspicuous for their absence, the only thing in sight when I entered the chamber being the large American flag that regularly drapes the rostrum.

"Weren't the French colors in evidence?" he interrupted.

"Not at first. However, just before the meeting opened some one had a happy thought, rushed out to the street, snatched a large tri-colored flag from an automobile, hurried back with it and just had time to drape it hastily over the stand before the distinguished foreigners arrived."

"Great: but do you mean to tell me that the decorations were confined to these two flags?"

"Oh no: I almost forgot to mention the fact that the governor and the mayor and their secretaries were decorated in full evening dress, as also were three other prominent members of the reception committee. This served to brighten up the barren landscape a bit."

"How was the music?"

"There wasn't any on the program. I kept wishing all the time that my friend McClellan had been there to play The Marseillaise on the great organ as the Frenchmen entered the room."

"That's strange that there should be no music. What was the idea?"

"Don't ask me. I wasn't in charge of arrangements."

"Well, how was the speaking?"

"Oh, the Frenchmen were splendid."

"What about the other fellows?"

"There was just one other—Dick Young—and he was somewhat disappointing."

"Why, that's surprising. I thought the Colonel was a stem-winder of a speaker."

"He is, as a rule, but he was just a little off color last night. One must admit though, that he pronounced the French names beautifully—and correctly, so I have been informed—but when he referred to the French and Indian War and revived the "decadent nation" stuff he made everyone tired. And then all this big talk about paying our debt to France at this late date must be very amusing to the Frenchmen. It would have served the chairman right if one of them had inquired why, if we were honest with ourselves, we didn't acknowledge the obligation four years ago."

"Well, I should have thought that they would have had Major Roberts or former Governor Wells or Spry, speak—or some one else who could make a happy speech upon such an occasion. Weren't they there?"

"Oh, yes, all of them were sitting in the audience."

"Don't you think that they should have been invited to the rostrum?"

"Perhaps so, but then we would not have been able to demonstrate to the Frenchmen how truly democratic we can be—especially with our ex-officials."

"I suppose you're right. Good-bye," shouted the curious citizen as he hurried away to pester somebody else.

THEY were talking about the handsome women that are to be seen anywhere and any time in Salt Lake when The Spectator joined the party. "Nowhere in the country can you see more beautiful women than here," said an admirer, "and this is the universal opinion of all visitors. It must be the mountain air that puts the peach-like bloom on their faces, but whatever it is they can't be beat, I don't care where you go."

"Your comment recalls a story," remarked another, "that they tell on John Q. Critchlow. John, you know, is a great traveler and he has managed to associate himself with most of the great expositions as Utah's representative to the big show. Years ago when the Buffalo exhibition was running full blast, John Q. was there with both feet to put Utah on the map. Affable always, a Chesterfield

in politeness and an all-around good mixer, he hardly ever allowed his foot to slip.

"One evening, however, while en route to his hotel in a trolley car, he casually remarked to a chance acquaintance, 'Buffalo is indeed a handsome city, but it has about the homeliest lot of women and girls that I have ever seen.' Hanging to a strap behind the Salt Laker was a fellow who overheard the remark and re-storted quick as a flash: 'Maybe you are right stranger, but you lack a hell of a sight of being an Apollo yourself.' The roar that went up from that end of the car caused John Q. to push the button for the next corner."

DEAR beer for two, please?" And the white aproned attendant drew two saying as he placed the liquid before the purchasers, "this you know contains no alcohol, it is made up mostly of yeast and hops but it makes you think of the good old days for it looks like the old amber fluid."

"No alcohol," said one of the two customers, "we have got to have a little kick to it, Bill. Wait a moment!"

And taking his fountain pen from his pocket he made two or three dashes with it and the necessary amount of alcohol went into the two glasses to give the needed kick and tang. And the barkeep exclaimed, "I'm damned!"

IT was in one of the old fashioned street cars, the kind that does not exact fare as you enter—and the conductor after he had passed through returned and said to an elderly gentleman who was seated next to The Spectator: "Pardon me, but did I get your fare?" The party addressed was astonished for an instant and then replied, "Well, I don't know. You rang it up and I was under the impression that the company would get it but it may be that you will. In any event, it is up to you."

"Don't seem to be a very good day for fish," remarked the man on the bank to the angler, who had sat for four hours without a nibble.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the fisherman, calmly. "I don't see why the fish should complain! I'm the one who ought to kick."

The Critical Ask For—



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